

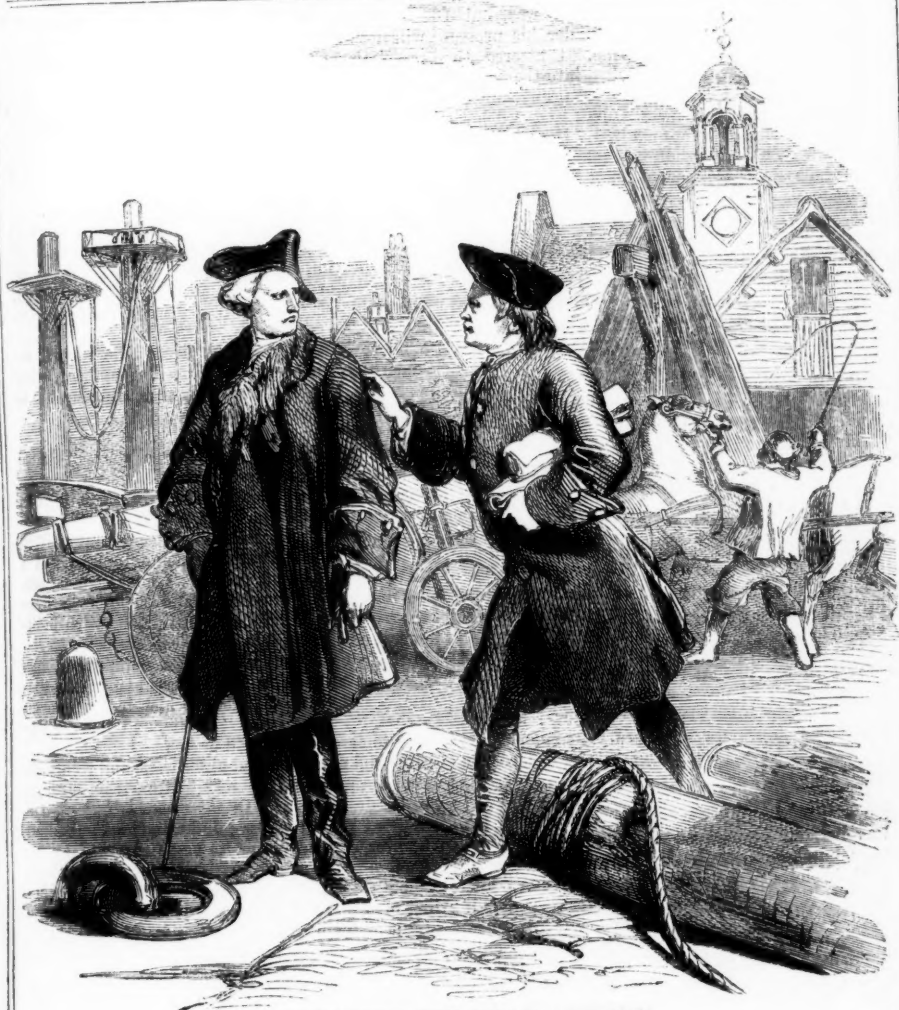
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GILBERT PENRHYN MEETS WITH WILSON AT CHERSON.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN RUSSIA.

A TALE OF THE TIME OF CATHERINE II.

CHAPTER LVIII.—YERODORA'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.—
A DREAM THAT WAS NOT ALL A DREAM.

A MIST fell upon me, and, for a time, merciful

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oblivion. Then dreams came—fearful visions of the past.

I was again at Semeonovskoye, and heard, in imagination, shouts of vengeance and screams of despair, mingling with the hissing and roaring

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and crackling of the flames, which roused me from my last slumber there. I sprang from my couch to the window, and saw the flames gathering thick, curling upwards, and leaping from gable to turret, while I stood transfixed with terror. Then Mava was by my side, at my feet, clinging to me for protection—to me!

Another change in the shifting drama of that night, and in the too faithful imagery of my delirium; and the room was entered by armed men, ferocious and blood-stained. I knelt before them, supplicating mercy, and heard the voice of the serf-painter—hoarse and terrible it was, but I knew it—declaring my safety under his protection; and Mava's, for my sake. I uttered the name of the Bárina, and looked into the face of my protector. I had never seen anything so calmly desperate and awfully dark and prophetic of evil. I have it before me in my thoughts now, as I saw it in that dreadful panorama of imagination—that lofty look, as of an avenging spirit—half angel, half demon! He was mad; he must have been, if my visions were faithful to scenes which had been—oh! how mercifully—obliterated from my waking and sober memory; for, understand me, dear reader, of the actual events of that fearful night I retain, even now, no remembrance beyond that which I have previously told; and I do but recall the phantasmagoria of my after dreams.

"Rest content," said, or seemed to say, Ivanoff sternly. "You I can save; the fate of her whom you call Bárina is already fixed."

He waited no reply, but, wrapping round me a cloak, he bore me from the room, while another followed with Mava in his arms.

In my dreams we passed rapidly, amidst stifling smoke, through lofty corridors and gorgeous apartments, which echoed with shouts of mad excitement and screams of fear—my terrible guardian bearing me onward as though I were but a feather weight, and he a giant in strength and endurance.

We approached the chamber of the Bárina, and—still in my dreams—I violently struggled to free myself from my bearer. "I will go no farther," I thought I exclaimed. "Release me here, and I will evermore bless you. I cannot desert my friend; let me share her fate—the fate you spoke of."

The serf-artist seemed to hesitate. It was but for a moment. He threw open the door, which was half closed, and bade me look in. Flames were bursting through the floor, and had lapped in their embrace the rich heavy drapery of bed and window. The apartment was, nevertheless, half filled with men—or monsters, scarcely in human shape, or with human countenances—who, despite the danger, were rifling the contents of caskets and breaking into private cabinets. The floor was strewn with clothing—rich silks, Persian scarves, costly furs—on which the plunderers were trampling in fierce disdain and exultation. I know not if the Bárina were there; and I would have sprang from Ivanoff's arms, but he held me fast.

"I told you," he said gloomily, "that her fate is fixed; I tell you now she is past human help or sympathy;" and he hurried on. I knew then, in

my dream, that my unhappy friend had foully perished.

I was borne thence into the great hall, and on the marble floor I saw the lifeless body of General Roskin; then I tore myself for a moment from the grasp of my protector, and cast myself before him, praying that one life at least might be spared from this fearful doom of vengeance. "The child Katrina has done no wrong to call down this destruction," I exclaimed.

"The child is safe," whispered Ivanoff. "Be content; the little one is secure from harm."

"I must see her," I said in desperation. "I will not suffer myself to be taken farther without proof that she will be unharmed. Oh! let me take her with me!"

The resolution and the prayer were alike vain; I had no power to withstand the will of the unhappy madman. He raised me once more in his arms, and, rushing through a vast cloud of thick smoke, we were in the open air.

"Katrina, Katrina!" I cried out in agony.

"Dear lady," said the painter, "your cries will but endanger the child's life. There are those within hearing who are thirsting for her blood; but the innocent has not perished with the guilty. The child has been conveyed away unhurt. Believe me."

Then, it seemed in my dream, he placed me tenderly in the carriage, wrapped around me other garments, placed Mava by my side, and shouted to the driver to hasten on.

This was one of my dreams.

I dreamed again. I was in a poor, wretched chamber, helpless, on a miserable couch, tossing to and fro, with fever in my veins and a load of terror on my heart. Mava was by my side; and a dark damsel, with raven hair, sometimes fitted to and fro. They were very kind to me; but I had no power to thank them. They spoke together in whispers sometimes, and their looks were horror-stricken; but I saw their looks with indifference, and had not the slightest curiosity to listen to their cautious and hurried communications. It seemed as though I had passed through experiences and witnessed scenes which had destroyed for me all further interest in life, and left me nothing to care for or dread or hope.

Day and night, day and night went and returned, with no repose and no respite from this strange yet dreadful apathy. In my dream—if it were a dream—I knew that my mind wandered, but I had no power of controlling its vagaries. I was conscious, moreover, of extraordinary commotions without; I heard the trampling of horses, the rattling of arms, the hoarse words of command, the tumult of many voices, but I did not heed them. What mattered it to me? At last blessed oblivion came.

It was no dream. Voices had roused me, and I woke to consciousness. Standing over me, with my hand in his own, while his countenance smiled on me gravely, as a kind and tender fatherly friend might smile, was the English merchant; and kneeling by my side, with her arm beneath my head, and her face covered with gladness, was Mava. The dark-eyed girl stood by, with kindness in her looks, and I knew her then as the daughter of the Jew innkeeper. My dream had

faded away, and I felt that I was safe. Of all else, at that time, I had lost all remembrance; and when gradually memory returned to me, I had a wise friend and a faithful protector to comfort and reassure me.

A few days later, and from my comfortless chamber I was removed to a pleasant lodging in the town; and by the skill of a physician, whom I had never before seen, and with the fostering care and attention of Mava, I slowly regained health and strength. All this time Mr. Penrhyn was near, watching over me with parental solicitude, and patiently waiting my perfect restoration. It was a glad day that in which I first left my chamber, leaning on poor Mava, and met my English friend and second father in the sitting-room below.

Until now I had not dared to ask a solution of the mysteries by which I felt myself surrounded; but in the progress of my recovery my dreams had flashed back on my memory with terrible distinctness, and I longed to be assured that they were only the creations of a disturbed imagination; yet, if they were, why was I not at Semeonovskoye? So I told Mr. Penrhyn my dreams.

I saw that he was troubled. "There have been sad doings," he said. "Semeonovskoye was plundered, and is destroyed, and fearful punishment has been visited on the perpetrators of the deed."

"And my dear friend and protectress, Madame Roskin?" I falteringly asked.

"I will tell you another day, dear child," he said mournfully. "Let us rather speak of yourself now."

"It is true, then, and my dreams were not dreams!" I cried.

Mr. Penrhyn did not attempt to check my grief, nor to offer unmeaning consolation; and I was grateful for his forbearance. It was not until many days had passed away, and the violence of my sorrow had abated, that gently as he might he broke to me the sad confirmation of the death of the Bárina and her husband, and the destruction of their home by the rebellion of their serfs, stirred up and led on by the poor, deranged, and infuriated serf-painter; he told me also how the priest Petrovitch had fled in fear of the vengeance of him whom he had betrayed, and how the rebel serfs had been routed and vanquished, with the death of their leader and instigator, Alexey Ivanoff, by troops of soldiers from the garrison at Moscow, and that the whole estate was a scene of desolation and misery.* One alleviation there was—if alleviation it could be called—the little Katrina had been found uninjured in the hut of a serf, and had been taken under the protection of the Empress.

"But let us not speak more of it," he added, sorrowfully; "rather let us think of yourself. My poor child, you have no longer a home."

"If I could but reach Sarepta, the Moravian settlement," I said, "I might find there those who would receive and befriend me for my father's sake;" and I told him what my father had often spoken of—his happy communion and intercourse with the Brethren there.

* Like the revolt of the slaves at Hayti, in former times, such serf-insurrections have occasionally occurred in Russia. The horrors with which such events have been accompanied form an awful commentary on the insecurity attending slavery in any form.

The kind merchant's countenance brightened. "Can Miss Graham place herself in my hands?" he asked. I could but answer, with a feeling of confidence and trust, "You told me once to think of you as my guardian."

"I will accompany you to Sarepta," he said gravely; "or, if I cannot accompany, I will help you on the road thither, and secure a kind reception and efficient protection there; for I am not unknown to some of the Brethren. But I, too," he added with a sigh, "am heavy at heart, and my future movements are uncertain."

Then he told me how his fears had been excited for the safety and even the life of his nephew; that on his journey southward, to gather tidings of him, he had gone somewhat out of his way to visit me at Semeonovskoye, when the news of the revolt there had awakened his alarms for me; that accident had taken him to the cabak of the Jew, to which I had been carried for safety; and that finding me alarmingly ill, he had despatched his servants to Moscow for a physician, while he himself anxiously prescribed such medicines as were within his reach. I need not farther explain events and circumstances which, at that time, I had scarcely the power to comprehend, weakened as I was by bodily illness and overwhelmed with sorrow. Let me only add, that when enabled to travel, the generous merchant equipped me and my poor Mava for the journey, and insisted on our using his own carriage to Cherson, whither he was going; while, with delicate scrupulosity, he and his servant followed in a mean kibitka, which he purchased in the town.

CHAPTER LIX.

RETROSPECTIVE AND EXPLANATORY.

As a river may occasionally wind and seem to turn back towards its source while yet it is steadily advancing to its ocean home, so our story must apparently retrograde, in order that it may reach its destined termination.

For some time after the departure of Penrhyn Clifford on the diplomatic mission of which we have spoken, the merchant was sufficiently occupied in setting the affairs of his business in due order for their immediate discontinuance, to prevent time from hanging heavily on his hands. And, although the separation troubled him, he had faith in the good sense and right principle of his nephew, and did not suffer his natural anxieties to torment his imagination with fantastic visions of dangers and temptations, as though a young man, left in a great measure to his own guidance, must necessarily thrust himself into bodily peril or succumb to evil influences. Notwithstanding, therefore, that Gilbert Penrhyn missed the intercourse to which he had lately become accustomed, and which had been to him a source of much novel enjoyment, as giving scope to the natural and benevolent affections of his heart, he bore the separation—according to the testimony of his faithful Barton—"as well as could be expected;" and three or four months passed away at St. Petersburg without any further events needful to be recorded here, save that the merchant had at the end of that time succeeded in withdrawing himself from commerce, closed his books, made over his interests to a successor, and transmitted a consi-

derable portion of his honourably-acquired wealth to his native country.

During this time he had kept up a pretty constant correspondence with young Clifford, the nature of which we have, on one of these occasions, sufficiently explained, and had received very filial and satisfactory letters in return. At length, however, occurred a silence of some weeks' duration; and while the punctual merchant was uneasily wondering at its cause, and meditating a personal investigation, there came a delayed letter which filled him with more lively apprehension, and at once decided his movements for him. The letter was that which Penrhyn had written from the camp after his near escape from the machinations of his enemies; and though he made light of the danger he had escaped, he did not conceal that he was yet in some measure under suspicion, and, at least, that he was still a prisoner on parole to his preserver, General Suwarrow, until his innocence could be proved and his character cleared in still higher quarters.

Moreover, this letter, which was sufficiently alarming to Gilbert Penrhyn, who knew something more of Russian court intrigues than did his nephew, and who had also a feeling of strong dislike, approaching to horror, towards General Suwarrow, as a man of most inhuman disposition—this letter, we say, was accompanied or immediately followed by an epistle from the Jewish banker, Melchior Ben Abraham, who, in his generous interest in the young Englishman, and his anxieties on his behalf, as well as in his admiration of his conduct throughout the trial, gave a more expansive and alarming version of the peril to which "the good young Nazarene" had been exposed, and the dangers which yet might beset his path by means of the persevering animosity of the Russian Ambassador and his underling officials.

On the receipt of these intelligences, Gilbert Penrhyn repaired to the palace of Prince Potemkin, to find that he was then at Cherson, having proceeded southward to attend to the affairs of his government; and, a few days afterwards, the ex-merchant was on the same road, accompanied by his constant attendant, Barton.

Notwithstanding his haste and anxiety, however, Gilbert Penrhyn turned out of the direct road to visit the young lady at Semeonovskoye, in whose history he had become considerably interested, and accidentally fell in with a troop of soldiers, who were marching towards the estate, from the commander of whom he heard of the tragedy which they had been sent to avenge. The news filled the merchant with lively alarm for Feodora. He accompanied the soldiers to the spot, witnessed the defeat and capture of a large body of the rebels, and, not without very poignant feelings of grief for his fate and detestation of his crime, was informed of the death of the serf-painter; and then, learning tidings of the escape of Feodora in the massacre of her employers, he turned his horses' heads towards the town of Selo-and-so-forth, where his acquaintance with Feodora had commenced, to find her in a delirium of high fever at the miserable cabak of the Polish Jew, with no one to minister to her wants but the poor serf-girl Mava, and the daughter of the landlord, who, between fear of being implicated in the rebellion and of

losing by his hospitality, was debating within himself whether or not he should thrust the unwelcome guest into the street, to recover or to die, according as might be written in the book of fate.

Common humanity would have dictated active interference in the young lady's behalf, if no stronger interest had existed; and although the delay was painful, Gilbert Penrhyn did not hesitate to set aside his own personal anxieties while waiting the recovery of his self-appointed ward.

It is not necessary to continue this retrospect farther. It is sufficient to say that Feodora's wish to take refuge at Sarepta tallied closely enough with Mr. Penrhyn's own possible movements; and having weighed with much scrupulosity the alternatives of sending her thither alone by a direct route, or giving her the advantage of his own escort and personal protection by a more circuitous course, he fixed upon the latter, at the same time taking care to guard against any possible misconception of his purely benevolent motives, by the precaution of which the reader is already informed.

In due time, then, the travellers arrived at Cherson, where Gilbert Penrhyn intended to be guided by the intelligence he might obtain as to whether he should proceed at once with Feodora to the asylum she had chosen, or first of all adventure into the politically stormy atmosphere of the Crimea.

CHAPTER LX.

THE SHIPWRIGHT AT CHERSON.

PRINCE POTESKIN was not so easily accessible to our ex-merchant at Cherson as he had been, on a former occasion, at St. Petersburg; and, notwithstanding the urgency of his business, and his natural anxiety to see his nephew safely delivered from the toils with which he believed him to be surrounded, Gilbert Penrhyn had either to exercise his patience, in waiting the great man's leisure, or to proceed on his mission to the army with little prospect of its success. So he determined to wait.

In the interval, he had the mortification of seeing the palace of the Governor of the province and the Commander-in-Chief of the army (for Potemkin held both appointments) thronged from morning to night with officers of all ranks, and with government officials, who readily obtained admittance to their superior; for it happened that, just at this time, Potemkin had on him one of those fits of feverish activity and double diligence, which, while they lasted, bore down and wore out the strength and endurance of all with whom he had to do.

"Put not your trust in princes," said Gilbert Penrhyn to himself one day when, for the fifth time in as many days, he had been repulsed, with a civil intimation that the prince was particularly engaged, and would see his visitor "to-morrow." "But it is written," he added, "Curse not the king, no, not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bed-chamber, for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter;" and with this self-aimed caution, instead of returning at once to the handsome hotel in which he had secured a suite of apartments for himself and his self-imposed charge, he walked rapidly through the unfinished streets of the town, towards the port.

Cherson was not five years old; but it gave tokens of a vigorous infancy which its then future history has not confirmed. Streets, squares, magazines, palaces, and fortifications, had sprung up as by magic; and in its harbour were ships of all nations. But nowhere was activity more observable than in the spacious docks which Catherine had caused to be constructed, and where, in pursuance of her sinister designs upon Turkey, as many as twelve large war ships were on the stocks, and some of them nearly ready for launching.* It was thitherwards, without any definite object in view, that Gilbert Penrhyn was directing his steps, when a hand was laid on his arm; and he found himself the next moment warmly shaken by the hand by a well-dressed, good-looking, honest-faced personage who addressed him by name, and exclaimed in good English, "I did not expect this pleasure, sir!"—and whom the ex-merchant had some little difficulty in recognising as the ship-wright Wilson.

"You have not been long in Cherson?" he inquired.

"Longer than I wished or intended, my good friend; it is a week since I arrived," said Mr. Penrhyn.

"A week! and you did not condescend to ask after and find out the poor man whom you befriended? I am afraid you must have formed a poor opinion of me in St. Petersburg, sir," said the man, pleasantly smiling.

"Indeed no," said Mr. Penrhyn; "let me rather confess that I had forgotten your existence. Had I remembered you were to be found at Cherson, I might, ere this, have availed myself of your services: for I am a stranger here."

The man's countenance brightened:—"It is not too late now, sir, I hope," he said; "only let

me know in what way I can do you a pleasure, Mr. Penrhyn, and you shall find that I am not ungrateful."

"It is a small matter," said the merchant: "I have a curiosity to see the dock works, from which, as I have been given to understand, strangers, especially foreigners, are excluded: and as you, Mr. Wilson, have some authority, I presume—"

"You need not say another word, sir; I have sufficient influence for that: I had almost hoped," he added, "that I might be useful to you in a more important way."

"I fear not, Mr. Wilson," replied Mr. Penrhyn; "I wait only an interview with Prince Potemkin, and then my business at Cherson will be completed."

"I guessed as much, sir, if you will allow me to say so," said Wilson: "but here we are at my house, Mr. Penrhyn." They had been walking on together some little distance during the short conversation, and now halted in front of a somewhat aristocratic-looking dwelling, the door of which was opened by a smart man-servant at the summons of the *ci-devant* shipwright; "will you do me the honour to enter, sir?"

"You have made good use of your time and talents, Mr. Wilson," said the merchant, looking round him with some surprise at the evidences of prosperity which surrounded his countryman.

"Pretty well, sir," returned Wilson, leading the way into a snug parlour, or office, handsomely furnished, the walls of which were decorated by plans and drawings, all of which had a bearing on the profession of the owner: "not that everything has gone on smoothly since I saw you last, sir, by any manner of means," he continued; "but it is not of myself I would like best to talk, Mr. Penrhyn. As I was saying—but please to be seated, sir." The guest took the offered chair.

"As I was saying, I guessed your business to be with the Prince; for I saw you turned away from the palace, sir, and took the liberty of following you, though you walked almost too fast for me."

"Did I walk fast?" said Gilbert; "I was not aware of it. Perhaps a little vexation put quicksilver into my legs," he added, with a smile.

"Just so, sir: I could see that you were vexed at being denied the Prince. I had just left him, Mr. Penrhyn."

"You!—pardon my rudeness, Mr. Wilson: it was involuntary; I do not see why you should not have business with the great man; and I congratulate you on your privilege of admittance to his counsels. Let me hope, however, that it was a more agreeable visit than that you paid in St. Petersburg to another great man."

The shipwright—if he were a shipwright now—laughed pleasantly. "That was not a pleasant occasion, certainly, Mr. Penrhyn," he said; "but for all that, it was the best thing that could have happened to me—that and the dreary six weeks I was shut up in the fortress."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Wilson," said the merchant.

"Thank you kindly for saying it, sir," rejoined the other; "yes, if I had not been taken before Count Orloff, I might have been a common hand in the dockyard at St. Petersburg to the present day, if I could have got work at all; and if I

* A writer already quoted states that (in 1796) the whole Russian navy of the Black Sea was built at Cherson, except one ship of ninety guns, at Nicolayef, and some frigates at Taganrok. In fact, until within a few years of the above date, Cherson "was the seat of naval architecture for the Euxine (Black Sea), and the residence of a great number of men belonging to the naval establishment; but it was found to be very unhealthy in the months of July and August, during the prevalence of a pestiferous wind which comes charged with the putrid miasma generated by the great heats in the low grounds to the left of the Dnieper, which are regularly overflowed every spring, when the river is swelled with melted snow and ice: I say, it was found so unhealthy at this season that the loss in men became a national object, even independent of considerations of humanity; and it was, in a great measure, abandoned for Nicolayef," which besides its superior salubrity, has the advantage of being "easier of access for vessels of all kinds. When you add to this, that at Cherson they were obliged to carry down every new ship to the sea on camels, from want of depth of water, you will see the wisdom of transferring the naval establishment of the Euxine from Cherson to Nicolayef."

The camels, thus mentioned, "are a kind of flat-bottomed wooden cradles, in which vessels of great burden are carried over the banks or bars into deep water, although there is not sufficient depth for a ship of half the size without such aid. They form a hollow cradle when united, but separate longitudinally from stem to stern for the convenience of sinking one half under each side of the ship, merely by opening a plug and letting the water into them; and then, on pumping it out again, the huge machine (fastened together under the vessel's bottom at stem and stern) rises majestically to the surface, carrying on its hollow back a hundred-gun ship, like a boat." We may add that these camels are also employed in conveying new built ships from the docks at St. Petersburg to Cronstadt.

With regard to Cherson and its unhealthiness, this note may have additional interest to the reader who remembers that, a few years after the date of our story, the benevolent Howard, whom we have ventured to introduce in an earlier chapter, fell a victim to putrid fever at Cherson, while on a second visit of philanthropy to the Russian empire.

had not been shut up in prison with nothing but my own thoughts to amuse me, I should not have hit upon the improvement in ship-building that has put me where I am. So, all was for the best, you see, sir. But, I beg your pardon for talking about myself, which was not what I meant to do. Will you give me leave, sir, to ask after Mr. Clifford, the young gentleman who was so kind as to interest himself in getting me a fair hearing and trial?"

A few words explained to the sympathising shipwright the cause of his visitor's anxieties, and his urgent desire for an interview with the Commander-in-chief.

"I told you, sir, that I hoped I could be of use to you," said Wilson; "and though I regret the cause, I can readily promise that you shall see the Prince to-morrow if you will permit me to accompany you to head-quarters. I have an appointment with his Highness at noon; and I dare venture to say that he will give you an audience."

Gilbert Penrhyn thanked his fellow countrymen, and readily accepted the offer of his assistance and goodwill, again expressing his gratification at the evident success which had smiled upon him.

"If it would not be too great a piece of presumption," said the shipwright, after a pause, "I would ask you to dine with me, Mr. Penrhyn, and then, if you would walk with me through the shipyards, you shall see what we are doing at Cherson. It will be a bachelor's dinner," he added, in reply to the merchant's inquiring look; "and you must not expect many dainties at the table of a working man, Mr. Penrhyn."

"On one condition I accept your invitation," replied Gilbert; "and that is, that you will tell me as much of your history as is agreeable to you."

"Why, Mr. Penrhyn, I have very little to tell, very little indeed," said the shipwright; "but such as it is, you are welcome to it. I brought very little with me to Russia, besides hands and head, sir, as *you* know; and God has seen fit to give his blessing—I should be unthankful not to feel that—and there is all my story, Mr. Penrhyn."

The story admitted of some expansion in detail, however; and when the modesty of the gratified host was partially overcome by the good-humoured and unassuming companionship of his guest, he readily spoke of the means which had conduced to his prosperity, and the accidents by which he had risen.

"You may remember, sir," he said, "that when I called on you in St. Petersburg, I had been appointed to a place of trust in these dock-yards. Well, sir, I came; and my heart almost failed me when I saw for myself what was going on in all quarters, from the highest to the lowest. It seemed, sir, as though such a thing as conscience had never been known or heard of, or as if everybody thought it a fair game to rob the country in the most barefaced way. Officers and men, workmen, overlookers, clerks, managers—all, Mr. Penrhyn—were playing into one another's hands, and laughing in their sleeves at the thoughts of their every-day trickery."

"I can understand this," said Mr. Penrhyn. "Unhappily you do but describe the ordinary rule

of Russian public business when you speak of wholesale corruption and dishonesty. But what did you do, Mr. Wilson when you found what you had to contend with, and the bad examples by which you were surrounded?"

"I remembered the old proverb, sir, about 'honesty being the best policy;' and I thought of what the Bible says, 'though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished;' and I said to myself, 'I never have been a thief and robber, and I am not going to begin now: so about the first thing I did was to go to the Admiral. I am a bit of a Scotchman, you must know, sir; and Admiral G. is a Scotchman from top to toe; so I got on better than I expected.'"

"I understand," interposed the merchant, with a good-humoured smile; "claw me, claw thee."

"Just so, Mr. Penrhyn; 'highlanders, shoulder to shoulder,' you know, sir, all the world over. Well, sir, I told the Admiral that I had doubts about entering on my appointment; and he wanted to know why. I told him that the salary was too small, whereupon he laughed, and said that public men in Russia did not look altogether to their salaries; that there were other ways in which they took care not to be over-reached by the higher powers. So I had found, said I: but I wanted to keep clean hands and a pure heart. The Admiral laughed and called me a 'fule' for being so scrupulous: it was only a spoiling of the Egyptians, he said, when all was done; and that when we were at Rome we must do as Rome does."

"I would not agree to that, sir; and presently I showed the Admiral the improvement I had worked out in my head when I was in prison, and the plans I had afterwards drawn. 'We must set to work on this,' said he, brightening up, when I had explained them. But there wanted two words to that bargain; and so I told the Admiral; and, in short, Mr. Penrhyn, I got my own honest terms; and don't feel compelled to make out a living by false contracts, and selling new stores for old.*"

* The writer of "The Englishman in Russia" has not thought it necessary to put into the mouth of the honest official above, any particular instance of dishonesty in the public departments with which he is represented as being connected. That it would have been easy to have done so, let the reader judge by the following statement:—"That the sale of the public stores should have been excessive and shamefully undisciplined, in the days of Catherine II and of Paul, is not surprising, especially at a distance, where, nearly secure from the cognisance of the crown, the officers had it in their power to deceive the government by false reports, and to defraud it to a great extent. As the mass of the officers, with scarcely any exceptions, were equally concerned in these detestable transactions, so all came in for a share of the spoil, which assisted them to live; their revenues being inadequate to enable them to support their rank in life. No one could inform against another; and when a discovery of embezzlement was made, it was of no utility. To punish a few individuals would have been partial and unjust, and might have caused a general revolt: to punish the whole was impossible. Nor could even the common sailors be justly chastised, when detection was made of their transactions, since they were sometimes the agents of their superiors; and when not so they only pursued a lower branch of the same system of iniquity which prevailed among their commanders. The embezzlement and sale of the public stores is still continued in all parts of Russia. I myself have seen sailcloth called *old*, because it had been made into the form of sails—although the sewing was only performed to be cut out again—blocks, pulleys, ropes, and other articles of ships' tackle which had never been used, on board merchant ships, whose captains confessed they 'had bought them from the Russian sailors' at a very low price; and it is notorious that few ships leave Cronstadt without a portion of the stores of the Russian fleet. The men cheat in retail; but the officers pursue the same system wholesale."

"I am glad of it, with all my heart, sir," said Gilbert Penrhyn; "but I fear you have not made many converts to your way of thinking, Mr. Wilson."

"Indeed no, Mr. Penrhyn; it is as much as I can do to keep my own office clear of bribes, and corruption, and roguery; and it has cost me many tough battles to do that, so that my berth is not a bed of rose leaves, sir; but I am only tiring you, Mr. Penrhyn, by such complaints, and we will, if you please, adjourn to the dining-room."

We need not intrude ourselves farther into the society or the secrets of the prosperous shipwright, who, if he indulged somewhat in his English prerogative of grumbling, was, nevertheless, not ungrateful for the rapid advances he had made towards affluence and power, since the day on which he landed at St. Petersburg. It was later in the evening than Gilbert Penrhyn had thought, when he made his way towards his hotel, and found Barton in a fever of apprehension for his master's safety. On the following day, according to Mr. Wilson's promise, the ex-merchant obtained the interview with Potemkin on which his future movements were to depend, and the result of which we shall leave to be told by the pen of Feodora.

ST. PAUL'S ISLAND, IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

On the 15th of January, 1853, on our way to Australia, we were in the vicinity of St. Paul's Island, in the south of the Indian Ocean (lat. 38° 43', S. long. 77° 38', E.). A tedious voyage of three months had invested every little incident with importance; and the bare possibility of catching a glimpse of this island, although usually supposed to be barren and uninhabited, gave rise to incessant discussion and much eager "looking out." We were tiring of the beauties and wonders of the sea, and felt that the sight of a green sward would be a pleasurable change to us all. None, perhaps, but those who have experienced the monotony of a long voyage can understand this yearning for mother earth. We were doomed, however, to disappointment; the weather looked unsettled, and a troubled appearance about the waters seemed so portentous of a storm, that our cautious captain stood well out, and only gratified his passengers by sighting the spot, at a distance which made it appear like the outline of a dull gloomy rock. There was not one on board, not even the captain, who had any conception that the little island of St. Paul's, isolated from the world as it were amidst the ocean, and thousands of miles from any friendly shore, was inhabited by a band of Robinson Crusoes, who led there a quiet contented life.

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

This fact is so little known even among geographers, that none, we believe, have ever noticed it in print, and as all who take a voyage to Australia are likely to sight or pass near this island, and will find it a subject of much small talk on board, a few particulars of the spot and its inhabitants may not fail to be interesting.

Twenty-eight years ago, a schooner out on a fishing expedition, and driven from her course by an adverse gale, made for St. Paul's. The captain, a Frenchman from Bourbon, effected a landing, and was surprised to find there a Pole, a brother of the illustrious Kosciusko, in quiet possession of the island, which he had occupied since the year 1819. How he came there, whether placed in exile forced or voluntary, is unknown. The Frenchman, a busy energetic man of the world, turned his discovery to some account, and, seeing the capabilities of the island, he made for Port Louis, Mauritius, freighted his schooner with tools, seeds, stores, and poultry, and returned to St. Paul's, determined to establish there a permanent fishing station. He found the Pole still the sole occupier of the island. Setting vigorously to work, with two blacks and a white man, whom he had brought with him, they commenced the process of civilization by digging up the ground and sowing their seeds. They built, also, two small wooden houses and a shed for their stores, constructed a landing-place, and made every preparation within their power, for establishing a quiet snug fishing harbour. Seeing things thus in progress, the Frenchman, loading his craft with fish, returned to Port Louis to sell his cargo. In 1830, the Pole left the island, on receiving from the Frenchman two thousand dollars by way of compensation.

The new proprietor maintained a regular communication with the little colony of St. Paul's. At one time thirty men were stationed there, and a vessel was sent twice a year with stores, clothing, tools, and other necessities, returning with a cargo of fish. This was kept up for five years, when it was found to be an unsuccessful speculation. The settlement was therefore relinquished, and all the men left the island, except six, to whom a vessel was sent about once a year, bringing them stores in exchange for fish.

On the 17th of May, 1853, the barque "Eblana," bound for Australia, passed the north-east end of St. Paul's Island. All eyes were feasting on the pleasant sight, when suddenly a huge bon-fire was observed on a hill, and burning so rapidly that the whole of the eminence appeared wrapt in smoke and flames. The excitement on board was naturally intense, for all looked upon it as a signal of distress. The steering sails were quickly hauled down, the ensign hoisted to gladden the hearts of the supposed sufferers, and the ship turned towards the island. When within half a mile of the beach a boat was lowered, and the second officer and two seamen made for the shore. As they drew near, they rounded a breakwater, which they supposed was formed by nature (but which in fact was the result of human skill), and entered a calm pleasant little bay. On landing, they were surprised to see at a short distance from them a small wooden hut, and shouted in true nautical greeting, "House ahoy, ahoy!" In answer to the call, out came three men, not in the least alarmed nor overjoyed, but calmly smoking their pipes, comfortably apparelled, and with seeming indifference as to whether there was or was not another human being in the world besides themselves. The mate of the "Eblana" had expected to have been greeted with an outburst of gratitude by some half-starved wretches, but he was received with a smile of

unconcern. Not even the courtesy of thanks was tendered for the trouble which he had taken to render them assistance.

Some conversation ensued, in the course of which, however, they gave no very distinct account of themselves. They had, they said, many years ago been left there by their captain, who had promised to return for them, but he had forgotten them, they supposed, as they had seen no more of him. They declined, however, all offers to be taken from their lonely retirement. Seven years' seclusion had made them apathetic to the social comforts of civilization, and they preferred their barren rocks to the golden shores of Victoria. Instead of destitution, the mate of the "Eblana" found abundance, and not a few indications of refinement. Spirits and tobacco, they admitted, were sometimes scarce with them, but these were luxuries, which opportunities like the present occasionally supplied; for it was no unusual circumstance, they said, to speak with passing vessels. They had a bountiful supply of fresh water; they grew wheat and barley, and had potatoes, parsnips, cabbages, celery, and other vegetables in abundance, keeping about ten acres of land under cultivation. The island was plentifully stocked with deer, goats, and rabbits, and they offered to exchange these productions for spirits and tobacco. They had four houses, neatly constructed and thatched with straw, and a shed containing many tons of potatoes in store. A fine seal, and quantities of other fish, were hanging up to dry, while fragments of vessels, and various articles of ship-gear, were lying around their habitations. There were also three capstans and bars, a large whale-boat, a ship's long-boat and a punt, with a small vessel of about eighty tons, drawn up on the beach, and about to be broken up for firewood. The interior of their dwellings was furnished with French bedsteads, chests of drawers, and a beautifully bound library of books, many of them modern and richly gilt. They had documents, too, in their possession, stating that the screw steamer "Nora Creina," and the "Sokitts," a schooner, had put into the island, the former for repairs, the latter for provisions.

Such was the narrative of the inhabitants of St. Paul, poured into the ears of the crew of the "Eblana;" but the feeling which the scene inspired was far from being one of satisfaction. The mariners had not expected to find on a rocky island, marked on their chart as desolate and uninhabited, such signs of comfort; the explanations of the men, therefore, they looked upon as cunning evasions, and the fire on the hill, which they were told was accidental, as the decoy of pirates. The stranded barque, too, seemed ominous, and the fragments of so many vessels, which they saw scattered about, appeared in their eyes like bones of ships in some huge charnel-house. They had no desire to linger on so suspicious a shore, and, hastening back to their vessel, they made sail without attempting any further communication with the lonely Paulese. Knowing, as they did at the time, nothing of the facts which we have stated respecting the colonization, if we may so term it, of the island, there were, it must be owned, some grounds for suspicion; nor perhaps are the objects and pursuits of the present occupiers of St.

Paul's altogether so defined but that more information respecting them would be desirable.

It is evident that this little island amidst the wide world of water, is capable of supporting a portion of the human race. Its only remarkable geographical features are the evidence it furnishes of volcanic action, and the presence of a number of hot springs. It has patches of fertile soil, rich with the guano of sea birds, with bays, which might, by a moderate amount of labour, be rendered safe harbours for vessels. In some parts close under the rocks, over a smooth sandy bottom, there are eight or ten fathoms of water, where ships of large tonnage would, it is said, find a secure anchorage. If so, a harbour here, about midway between Australia and England, would be of immense advantage to our shipping, which could thus obtain a supply of fresh provisions, repair the damages of a storm, or seek a refuge in distress. It is no extraordinary occurrence for the run of a second class vessel to Australia to be lengthened to a hundred and fifty days, or even longer. We were, ourselves, one hundred and eighteen days getting from Blackwall to Melbourne, and we remember a smart-looking crew anchoring in Hobson's Bay, which had bravely buffeted with gales, storms, and adverse wind for six dreary months. What a boon would have been the clear water and vegetable productions of St. Paul's Island to such weary travellers!*

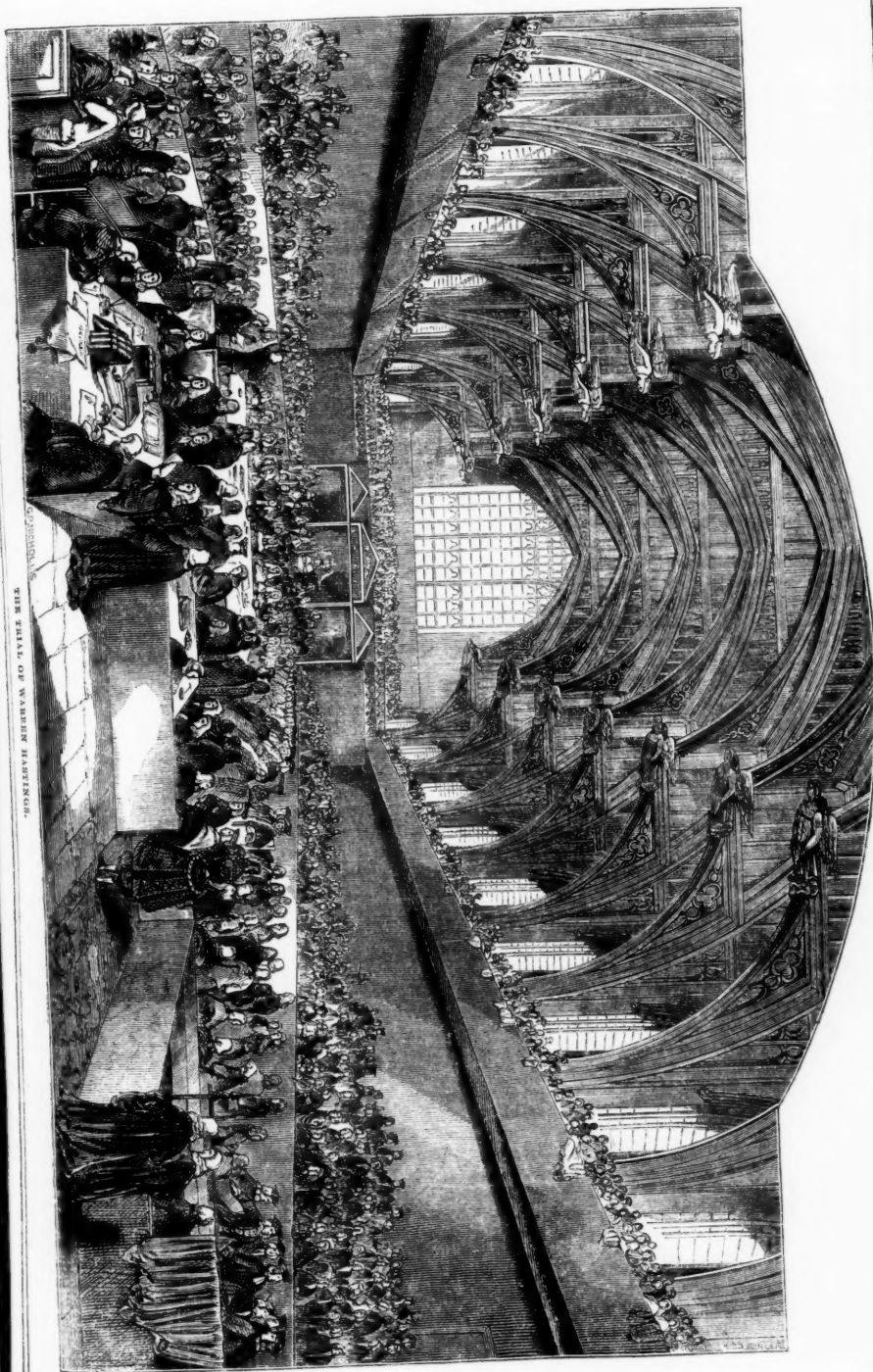
ECHOES OF WESTMINSTER HALL.

NO. VII.—JACOBITES AND AN INDIAN VICEROY.

WESTMINSTER HALL was built in the days of feudalism. Its earliest history is full of feudal associations. As we look upon its noble architecture, we are irresistibly carried back to feudal times. The chivalrous sentiments, born and bred of feudalism, often prompting to acts at once honourable and wild, generous and lawless, self-denying and violent, are forcibly brought to our recollection while we now walk up and down the old pavement which leads to the line of courts devoted to the peaceful administration of English law, order, and justice. In this last paper on the hall, we shall behold the expiring flashes of the genius of mediæval chivalry; we shall catch echoes of its dying voice, and also witness signs of the inauguration, or rather proofs of the establishment of another and totally different order of things, involving the system of modern civilization.

Among the distinctive traits of the chivalrous spirits of the middle ages, was the strong devotion of a liege to his lord. It was not devotion to a principle or an office, to an order of things revered and preserved from considerations of convenience or from calm convictions of duty, but devotion to a person—a strong, unreasoning, passionate kind of instinct, which bound the inferior to him whom he deemed his lord—bound him to his fortunes, prosperous or adverse—bound him in bonds of strong and hearty sympathy for life and death.

* It may be necessary, perhaps, to state that the curious facts related in this article were collected by the writer at Melbourne, partly from a letter published by Captain Hall, of the "Eblana," in a newspaper, and partly from conversation with passengers of that and another vessel, which put into St. Paul's in 1853.



THE THEATRE OF WARRENT HASTINGS.

The loyalty of the old barons to their king and his family was of this chivalrous stamp. It was not attachment to the crown and the throne and the constitution, with feelings of affection to the person of the sovereign, growing out of that impersonal sort of attachment; but it was, first and foremost, attachment to the person of a particular monarch and his race, deemed to have divine right to rule, not deriving his authority in any of the ways pointed out in modern theories of political government, but getting and holding it in some mysterious and direct way from Heaven itself. The loyal knights of the Henrys and Edwards were thus chivalrous in their loyalty; and it was this chivalrous love for particular persons and families, regarded as legitimate heirs to the royalty of England, which alone redeems the wars of the Roses from the character of a mere factious squabble. A good deal of the spirit of chivalry survived the extinction of its forms; and nowhere did it linger so long as in Scotland, where the relations of clanship, so akin to feudalism, even still exist. At the bottom of the great rebellions of 1715 and 1745, when so many Highlanders took up arms in the cause of the Pretender, lay not a little of this sentiment of chivalrous loyalty. There were other sentiments, personal, political, and religious, most base and unworthy, selfish and vindictive, superstitious and tyrannical, blended with this, but not so as to destroy, not so as to prevent its supreme authority in the breasts of many of the unhappy adherents of the Stuart line. They had no notion of a constitutional claim to the throne. Acts of parliament and the will of the people could not set aside, in their estimation, the descent of inheritance. The Stuarts were still their kings, as they had been the kings of their fathers, despite of unconstitutional acts. They would fight for them; they would die for them. Adversity only endeared their persons the more. Not a whit less was Prince Charles a king because he was crownless. The enthusiastic Jacobite saw a kind of celestial halo playing round the brow of the outcast heir, brighter than the gold and jewelled diadem on the head of a son of the house of Hanover.

Distinguished among the state trials in Westminster Hall are those of the noblemen who, in 1716 and 1746, were placed at the bar for taking up arms in the service of the Pretender. The Earl of Derwentwater, Lord Widdrington, the Earls of Nithsdale, Winton, and Carnwath, Viscount Kenmore, and Lord Nairn, were the culprits on the first occasion, and were formally arraigned, all pleading guilty but one, and throwing themselves upon the mercy of king George. Two of them only were executed—Lord Derwentwater and Lord Kenmore—the former declaring that he died a Roman Catholic, and that he regretted having pleaded guilty on his trial. Lord Nithsdale effected his escape from the Tower, through a stratagem of his wife, who changed clothes with her husband, and thus enabled him, in her dress, to pass the sentinels undetected.

After the second rebellion, in '45, Westminster Hall was employed for the trial of the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromartie and Lord Balmerino. These noblemen appeared at the bar on the 28th of July, 1746. "Three parts of Westminster

Hall," Horace Walpole tells us, "were enclosed with galleries and hung with scarlet, and the whole ceremony was conducted with the most awful solemnity. No part of the royal family was there, which was a proper regard to the unhappy men who were to become their victims. One hundred and thirty-nine lords were present. I had armed myself, with all the resolution I could, with the thought of the prisoners' crimes and of the danger past, and was assisted by the sight of the Marquis of Lothian, in weepers for his son, who fell at Culloden; but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me, and their behaviour melted me." Kilmarnock and Cromartie pleaded guilty; the latter especially professing remorse and shedding tears. Balmerino played a very different part, and endeavoured to defend himself. He was a man of wit; and when asked a question by Mr. Murray, Solicitor-General, he inquired who he was, and then added: "Oh! Mr. Murray, I am extremely glad to see you. I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth." Walpole, speaking of Balmerino, observes: "He is the most natural, brave old fellow I ever saw; the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. At the bar he plays with his finger on the axe, while he talks to the gentleman gaoler; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial, a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; accordingly he made room for the child, and placed him near himself."

When brought up for sentence, Kilmarnock and Cromartie sued for mercy, the former pleading with much eloquence, the latter with greater effect, from his allusion to Lady Cromartie, who was on the point of confinement. "My own fate," said he, "is the least part of my suffering; but, my lords, I have involved an affectionate wife, with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties. I have involved my eldest son, whose youth and regard for his parents hurried him down the stream of rebellion. I have involved eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears supply my want of persuasion." The lady herself earnestly pleaded for the life of her husband, and other influence was employed on his behalf. The consequence was that he was saved; but it is curious to learn that the child to whom his wife gave birth just afterwards was marked on the neck with an impression like that of a broad axe.

Balmerino did not attempt to awaken pity or ask for mercy. He avowed his loyalty to king James with chivalrous devotion; spoke of his holding a commission under Queen Anne as an act of treason to his lawful prince; and declared that with his full heart he drew the sword in 1745, though his age might have excused him from doing so. Not any intercessions were employed for saving him, whence George II exclaimed, "Will no one say a word on behalf of Lord Balmerino? He, though a rebel, is at least an honest one." He and Kilmarnock were executed.

There were many besides tried for their share

in the rebellion; but there is only one other connected with Westminster Hall whom we would notice—that is, Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, who was executed in 1716. He was engaged in both rebellions, and was twice tried and twice condemned at Westminster. In the first instance he was arraigned on the 8th of May, 1716, and a few days afterwards received sentence of death. When going through Fleet-street, he happened to meet George I starting for his first visit to Hanover after his accession to the throne of England; and it is related that this obliged Mr. Radcliffe's coach to stop, "which happening opposite a distiller's shop (the third door on the right hand towards Temple Bar), he called for half a pint of aniseed, which he and his fellow-prisoner drank, and then proceeded to Westminster, where sentence of death was pronounced upon them." He managed to get out of prison during a grand entertainment he gave to his friends, and escaped to France, where he for some time lived in indigence. He returned to England subsequently, and, though unmolested, remained unpardoned.

In '45 he a second time embarked in rebellion, was captured, and, on the 20th of November, 1746, was again carried to Westminster to be arraigned for high treason. He puzzled the Court by challenging them to prove his identity. This occasioned delay; but at length the point was established by certain persons, who recognised in his face a scar, which he had received from a piece of iron, when he was a boy, playing in a blacksmith's shop at Dilton, in Northumberland, where he had been brought up on his ancestral domains.

The following pathetic letter was written by him in the Tower just before his execution, thirty years after sentence of death was first pronounced.

"From the Tower, Dec. 7th, 1746.

"The best of friends takes his leave of you: he has made his will, he is resigned. Tomorrow is the day—love his memory—let his friends join with you in prayer—'tis no misfortune to die prepared—let's love our enemies and pray for them. My blessing to them all; my kind love to Fanny, that other tender mother of my dear children.

"Adieu, dear friend,

"DERWENTWATER."*

"The age of chivalry is gone," said Mr. Burke; and true enough, such chivalry as that we have just been describing is gone, and Westminster Hall heard the last of it. Appropriately may the remark just quoted introduce us to the last of the great historical associations of the old edifice. We propose to notice that very memorable trial, of which Mr. Burke had the chief management—the trial of Warren Hastings; involving questions of a different kind from any which arose in the chivalrous days of England—charges of another order and spirit from those brought against the Jacobite lords, and principles and views indicative of a new order of civilization, that which belongs to an empire rich in colonial possessions, retained indeed by the power of the sword, but

acquired and valued for purposes of commercial enterprise.

Mr. Hastings was for eleven years Governor-General of India, being appointed to that high position in 1774, and quitting it in 1785. There can be no doubt that he greatly contributed to the consolidation of the British empire in the East; but the principles of expediency which he adopted, and the maxim expressed and defended by him, that Indian statesmen were not to be judged by European rules of morality and justice, would of themselves raise the darkest suspicions as to the manner in which the ends of his policy were secured. Charges of corruption and cruelty were publicly rumoured against him before his return to this country; and soon afterwards, Mr. Burke commenced the institution of an inquiry into the Governor-General's conduct. In 1786, articles of impeachment were produced in parliament, accusing him of injustice towards the native princes and people—the impoverishment and desolation of the British dominions in the East—the acceptance of presents, contrary to law—influence or connivance with regard to unfair contracts—together with enormous extravagance and bribery. In 1788, the great trial began in Westminster Hall. Belonging to modern times—indeed within the memory of some living, being so fully described and alluded to by contemporaries, then in the zenith of life, having employed the talents and oratory of men of whom many of us heard so much in our boyhood, being mixed up with so many household names—the proceedings and their associations become to us most vivid pictures, and we seem to be living at the time, to be familiar with all that took place, and even to be present at the august spectacle, for august most certainly it was.

We enter the hall at eleven o'clock of the 13th of February, 1788. Grand have been the preparations; and the cold, grim-looking old place, is transformed into an immense judicial theatre—a House of Lords enlarged to a gigantic scale, and fitted up for hosts of spectators. Scarcely any part of the building can be seen, except the enormous ribs of the roof and the tops of the windows, all the rest being covered by seats and galleries, rich in scarlet and green. A huge deep gallery runs up in front of you, concealing most of the large window at the end. Just in advance of that is the throne, with royal boxes on each side. Running down, on either hand of you, as you look up the hall, are lofty galleries, and underneath them, far projecting into the area, are raised seats with a partition at the bottom between them and the open space in the middle of the hall. There are the benches for the House of Lords. Below the bar are boxes for counsel, and the conductors of the trial. All those galleries are crammed from bottom to top, with people of rank and wealth—many of importance, and a few of world-wide celebrity. Ladies of fashion and beauty are there. Men of erudition, genius, and taste are there. The famous political Duchess of Devonshire is there. Mrs. Siddons, the actress, is there. Mrs. Fitzherbert, privately married to the Prince of Wales, is there. Gibbon the historian is there. Dr. Parr is there. Reynolds the painter is there; and Gainsborough, too, is there

* Charles Radcliffe assumed the title of Earl of Derwentwater after his brother's execution.

who, by the way, is catching his death of cold. In the royal boxes are Queen Charlotte and her daughters; on the middle benches, in front of the Lord Chancellor, who presides, are the twelve judges in their robes of state, and about a hundred and seventy peers, in their crimson velvet mantles, gold and ermine, marshalled to their places by heralds in splendid tabards. The conductors of the trial, including the great names of Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Fox, and Grey, the latter then rising into fame—a youth of promise among veterans who have won the highest honours—occupy the appointed compartment by the bar, dressed in court suits; and near them are lawyers in their gowns and wigs, among whom may be seen Law, Dallas, and Plomer, destined to be high legal officers afterwards.

The Serjeant-at-arms calls for silence; Warren Hastings, esquire, is summoned to appear; and, amidst the alternate buzz and hush—the thousand eyes directed to the bar, the glittering of uplifted glasses, and the pomp and ceremony of a stately introduction—in comes a small thin man, with intellect, self-possession, care, and sorrow, depicted in his countenance, as he kneels before this supreme court, and listens to the further proclamation of the Serjeant-at-arms, that he, “Warren Hastings, stands charged with high crimes and misdemeanors by the Commons of England, who are now to come and make good their charges.” Whereupon Lord Chancellor Thurlow makes a short speech, assuring him of a full impartial trial, and Hastings replies that he is equally satisfied as to his own integrity and the justice of the court. The charges and answers then begin, the clerks of the court reading them on and on, till it is a quarter past five, and the old hall is getting dark on this February afternoon, and everybody is tired, and yet only the seventh charge is reached, and there are thirteen more to come. So the Lord Chancellor moves that the lords do adjourn. The assembly separates, and all London is full of the great event of the day.

The next day is taken up in a similar manner, and not till the third day does Mr. Burke rise to deliver his opening speech. Gentle reader, you may have heard some long speeches in your life: here is a man delivering one that lasts four days; but, then, he is a man as rare in the annals of oratory as the length of the speech. With a knowledge of India which makes you think he must have been there all his life, though he never stepped on its shores; with an imagination and mastery of graphic picturesque words, which enables him to paint in thought as Reynolds and Gainsborough paint on canvas; with a power of philosophical analysis and acute logical argument, which perhaps no other man in the hall can command; and with strong moral feelings, wrought up into violent passion and even frenzy, by the description of the crimes he charges on the illustrious prisoner at the bar; he produces every now and then—with of course, in so long a speech, intervals of weariness, inattention, and indifference—scenes of excitement scarcely paralleled. Ladies are fainting; Mrs. Sheridan is carried out in convulsions; sobs and tears are heard all over the hall. Old Thurlow himself is affected, and even Hastings acknowledges: “For half an hour I

looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder, and during that space I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth; but I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness that consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered.”

The four days’ speech over, there come debates about the manner of conducting the trial; that settled, sixteen days are consumed hearing evidence; at the end of which, what with previous arguments and delays, summer is come; and instead of a cold February morning, Sheridan has the morning of the third of June to begin the summing up of evidence. The hall is as crammed as ever. It is said, fifty guineas have been paid for a ticket to get in. There are no bounds to the excitement. The orator, as great in his own way as Burke in his, declaims elaborately, yet with immense impression, for two days, and then falls back exhausted, with a rhetorical, “My Lords, I have done,” into the arms of his great colleague, who hugs him with admiration.

The prorogation of parliament advances, and as yet only two out of the twenty items of impeachment have been heard. Of course we cannot go on attending the sittings of the Court. The proceedings linger through years; and not till 1795, seven years after the trial began, is the business finished, and the verdict given. Public excitement has abated; public opinion has changed. There has come a reaction since the astounding speeches of Burke and Sheridan were delivered. Cold, formal, criticized, and cross-questioned evidence has produced a very different effect from warm, glowing, impassioned oratory. An acquittal is expected, and it comes.

In the spring of 1795 there is again a crowd in Westminster Hall. The peers vote, “Not guilty.” The Lord Chancellor on the woolsack informs Hastings of this; he bows, and retires. The charges of his defence have amounted to more than £76,000; but the East India Company lend him £50,000, and grant him a pension of £4000 per annum. He devotes himself to quietude and study; but once again, in 1813, appears in public, to give evidence to the House of Commons on the question of renewing the East India Company’s charter. The members simultaneously rise to show honour to the man their predecessors had arraigned for high crimes and misdemeanors between twenty and thirty years before.

The length of the trial was full of affecting circumstances. “As Hastings himself said, the arraignment had taken place before one generation, and the judgment was pronounced by another. The spectator could not look at the woolsack or at the red benches of the Peers, or at the green benches of the Commons, without seeing something that reminded him of the instability of all human things—of the instability of power and fame and life—of the more lamentable instability of friendship. The great seal was borne before Lord Loughborough, who, when the trial commenced, was a fierce opponent of Mr. Pitt’s government, and who was now a member of that government; while Thurlow, who presided in the court when it first met, estranged from all his old allies, sat scowling among the junior barons. Of about 160 nobles who walked in the procession on the first day, 60 had been laid in their family vaults. Still more affecting must

have been the sight of the manager's box. What had become of that fair fellowship, so closely bound together by public and private ties, so resplendent with every talent and accomplishment? It had been scattered by calumnies more bitter than the bitterness of death. The great chiefs were still living, and still in the full vigour of their genius; but their friendship was at an end. It had been violently and publicly dissolved, with tears and stormy reproaches. If those men, once so dear to each other, were now compelled to meet for the purpose of managing the impeachment, they met as strangers, whom public business had brought together, and behaved to each other with cold and distant civility. Burke had in his vortex whirled away Windham. Fox had been followed by Sheridan and Grey."

And now, kind readers, we have done. We have no more echoes of Westminster Hall to repeat, though we trust you are not weary of the storied associations of the venerable pile. They awaken solemn thoughts—thoughts of man and time—thoughts of nations and providence—thoughts of the great ocean into which time is pouring its streams—thoughts of the Infinite Ruler and Judge who governs all beings and events—thoughts "of the silent waiting-hall, where Adam meeteth with his children"—thoughts of the great tribunal, at which all shall be arraigned, and where so many earthly judgments shall be reversed. These are thoughts for deep, deep pondering, which may well wake up in the hearts of all echoes of faith and prayer.



WESTMINSTER HALL, WITH SHOPS, IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

SUNDAY IN THE SUBURBS.

NUMEROUS as are the pleasure-seekers who find their Sunday's amusement in travelling to and fro on rail and river, they bear but a comparatively small proportion to the numbers who, wanting the means for such indulgences, or preferring a less exciting recreation, invariably seize the opportunity of favourable weather for a private or family excursion to one or other of the outlying villages or picturesque suburbs of London. An adequate notion of the great Sunday morning crowd, which radiates from the metropolis on a fine summer's day, can scarcely be formed by one who has not resided for some time on one of the principal routes leading out of town. During the brightest Sundays that occur between the termination of the spring season and the middle of autumn, it has been reckoned—and the estimate is probably within the mark—that little less than half a million of persons, including both sexes and nearly all conditions of life, turn their footsteps towards the country side for such enjoyments as the dense city does not afford. A large proportion of these spend the whole day out of town; a still larger number return home to dine; while, among the

humbler middle class are still greater numbers, whose holiday commences with the afternoon when the Sunday dinner—the dinner of the week—has been finished.

Hence it is that the efflux of the population, which commences, when the days are long, as early as six or seven in the morning, continues until late in the afternoon, and even after the reflux has set in. The migration is generally inaugurated by scattered bands and parties of labourers and artisans' apprentices, not burthened with the care of a Sunday suit, and who being by habit early risers, can start while the rest of the world are asleep, to make the most of the day. These form that nondescript class whom one meets armed with fishing-rods and bait-pots, or with an old flint gun, or else with a tribe of curs following at their heels, lured by the scent of a few live rats carried furtively in pocket or bag, to afford the gratification of a hunt in some convenient spot; or perhaps with a few fancy pigeons, which they will let fly at the farthest limit from home. Judging from facts which are but too patent, a round number of this class of holiday-makers are less seduced by the charms of nature than by the opportunity which a secluded spot will afford for

the exercise of pursuits worse than equivocal. Crowds of them never get farther than the waste building-grounds and brick-fields, where they may be found in groups under the shadow of the kilns, playing at chuck-halfpenny the whole morning, till the neighbouring public-house is open, when they devote the rest of the day to libations of beer. Others proceed to the woods and commons, where they make war upon such small feathered specimens as come in their way, as long as their ammunition lasts. Those who indulge in rat-hunts and dog-fights, seek out a retired spot away from the policeman's beat, where they can revel undisturbed in their peculiar pleasures.

At a later hour in the morning, but long before the church-going bell begins to chime, the road out of town is crowded with a characteristic class of charioteers. The number of small tradesmen in London who make use of one or more horses, and a light vehicle of some kind, in the prosecution of their business, is legion; and it would seem, from the spectacle that a fine Sunday exhibits, that very few of those think it necessary or incumbent upon them to give their beasts a holiday on the seventh day. We see the butcher and his friend, with their two wives sitting behind, tearing along, with a fast-going hack, at the rate of ten miles an hour towards Barnet, or Epping, or Hampton Court. There is the coster, a short pipe stuck in his mouth, and his whole family seated on kitchen chairs ranged in his cart, urging his jaded brute by reiterated thumps to get on as far as Hornsey, where it is the intention of the party to put up, and then, walking to the summit of a neighbouring hill, to picnic there for the whole day. There are the thousand owners of traps, gigs, dog-carts, and four-wheels, and something in the shape of a steed to draw them, who are ambling it along the turnpike-road, bound to some favourite bourne devoted to Sunday recreation.

Still later the road will show a new description of travellers. About the time when clerks proceed to their offices, and shopmen take their stand behind the counter on weekdays, the same classes will be seen on Sundays proceeding as regularly in a contrary direction. The roof of every omnibus outward-bound is covered with them, cigar in mouth; and the narrow field-walks, the lanes, and the hill-tops beyond the omnibus range know their footsteps well.

All day long the thoroughfares leading out of town present a constant succession of poor travellers, among whom may be recognised the type of every grade which constitute the multitudinous society of modern London. In the early morning there is a preponderance of boys, lads, and workmen; towards noon the old persons make their appearance; in the afternoon the servant maids get free, and throng the way with female costumes in gay and flashing colours; towards evening whole families of children, with the parental pair at their head, take their leisurely promenades; and, as twilight sets in, the dispersed and scattered crowds begin to converge again towards their city homes, and for hours the suburban road is thronged like a fair for miles in length with the returning multitudes.

Let us see now what are the means provided for the accommodation of all this gregarious crowd.

First of all, there are the suburban taverns, and the taverns and alehouses in the outlying villages. The law does not allow these to open before one o'clock, and the visits are therefore timed accordingly. From that hour to ten at night, refreshments of all kinds are retailed to all comers. In houses of note, many of which are as familiar to Londoners as Cheapside or the Mansion House, parties of any number may dine at any hour; and it shall happen that every room is full of guests, exacting laborious attendance for the whole of the nine hours during which they have a legal right to be there. How many hours of the previous morning it must have taken to prepare for their demands is a question which the reader can settle for himself. On many a summit within seven miles of the dome of St. Paul's—and in many a rural village down in the intermediate vales—are favourite houses of resort, where the dawn of the day of rest is the signal for unwearied labour, which shall not cease for a moment until hours after the day has come to a close.

Then there are the lovers of what is flatteringly called "the contemplative man's recreation"—angling—a recreation pursued by multitudes of the city population with a species of fanaticism. For the accommodation of this all-embracing class, there are the angling-houses on the banks of various streams, whose names are rarely heard but from the angler's lips. These houses during summer form the Sunday homes of many thousands of visitors. Numbers arrive at them late on the Saturday night, and sleep on the spot, for the sake of commencing sport at dawn. The whole establishment—and it is sometimes a large concern, in which thousands of pounds have been invested—exists for the purpose of catching little fishes, which are worth next to nothing when caught. The house and grounds are one emporium of tackle, baits, and angling appliances. The walls of the reception, dining, and smoking-rooms are lined with lockers and cabinets, numbered and ticketed with the names of the subscribers. In these each man keeps his rods, lines, and various tackle, retaining the key in his own custody. When weary with the morning's exertions, the associated anglers sit down to a plentiful dinner—either at an ordinary or in their private rooms—resuming their sport when the repast is ended, and continuing it, for the most part, so long as there is light enough left to discern the sudden dip of a float among the ripples. Of course so long as the sport continues, all is life and activity at the angling establishment. The punts have to be loaded, and paddled out, and staked; the maggots must be hunted up among the buried carrion; the worms must be dug and scoured, and the ground-bait prepared; and the bottom stirred up with the long pole from time to time. Then, gentlemen who can't get a bite want to substitute a sip, and must have a glass of something encouraging; and waiters are running hither and thither, dispensing baits for fish and fishermen through the livelong day. How much rest the household of the angling establishment gets on a summer Sunday, may be summed up without much trouble.

Again. Along all the suburban routes leading away from the metropolis are scattered here and there, with more or less diffuseness, no end of tea-

gardens, the property, some of them, of market-gardeners, some of beershop-keepers, and some of labourers' wives or widows. Here tea or coffee is dispensed at various prices, from "boiling water at twopence," to the complete repast at a shilling a-head; and the run of the garden and grounds and the ornamental water, represented by an old tub sunk in the soil, containing two gold fish, one of which is in its last agonies, into the bargain. Here ladies, in bright-printed cottons, with children, resort in flocks; and during the long evening hours the gardens are vocal with the gossip of the mature and the laugh of the young; and it is not till the stars twinkle out aloft, and the gaslights glimmer far down the road cityward, that the motley assemblies think of breaking up and returning home.

Again. There is the tavern-garden, where dinners may be eaten, and wine and spirits abound. Here, on a favourable evening, above a thousand visitors at once will be found—rowing in boats, racing in the woody mazes, promenading the banks, or seated in the numerous arbours, or supine on the green sward, indulging in libations, more or less temperate, and in the occupation of doing nothing. How many workers are active in furnishing them with the means of recreation is a question we are not called on to determine. There are also pleasure-grounds of a superior order for visitors—more of the middle and well-to-do classes—some of which will accommodate five thousand at a time.

The amount of labour indispensable for the preparation for, and attendance on, such a multitude, must require an army of waiters and domestics, to whom the day of rest must be a day of unwearied and exciting toil. The public-house saloon soirée, which is but another form of the same thing, affords to the same class a similar theatre of enjoyment—enjoyment purchased by the same sacrifice of rest on the part of those who are its victims.

The paucity of attendance on some of our city churches has often been remarked upon, and various causes assigned for the fact. One cause we have now shown. It is not because there is no population to fill them that they are comparatively empty, but because the population find a superior attraction elsewhere. Sunday amusement has been multiplying in variety and quantity almost in a geometrical ratio, for the last twenty years. At first, ashamed of itself, it hid its head in distant spots and out-of-the-way places. By the aid of an interested and simulated philanthropy, it obtained the suffrage of the unthinking part of the public; and now it dares to make head and assert itself on so-called moral grounds, and threatens, unless an effective stand is made against its advances, to abolish the Sunday, both as a holy day and a holiday, and to deprive the worker of its advantages, regard them in what light he may.

"Sunshine and recreation" are indeed excellent things. It will be our happiness, no less than our duty, to use every means to procure them for the labouring man; but they are bought too dear when they are purchased at the price of desecrating that day which the Almighty pronounces sacred and claims for his own service. For wise and benevolent reasons he has enjoined us to cease from "doing our own pleasure on his holy day," and

yet to call the Sabbath "a delight." Such a command leaves, therefore, no alternative but to obey, to those who regard the word of God as divine. Obedience to it is our obvious duty, and will certainly bring happiness in its train.

A WORD TO THE WORKING MAN.

LET the working classes not be duped into the surrender of their birthright of the seventh day. The "words are smoother than butter:" it sounds so very considerate to say, "Working men want more recreation—they cannot get it in the six days—why, then, not relax something of your Sabbatarian precision, and give them recreation on some portion of the seventh?" It looks so plausible, so humane, nay, almost benevolent, that it seems unkind to refuse it. But, remember, one man's pleasure involves another man's labour. If a master will ride, his servant must drive. If one will go by railway to Sydenham—willing or unwilling, others must attend to give the tickets, keep the books, wait on the carriages, stow away the luggage, drive the engine, hurry and bustle, slam the doors, blow the whistle, hour after hour, till, from sheer weariness, they can hardly stand on their legs; and this, month after month, and all, forsooth, because Sunday is the appointed day for public recreation! Turn Sunday into a pleasure-day, and instantly you fasten the yoke of labour upon the necks of myriads of unwilling workmen and shopkeepers, who dare not refuse, because they would lose their bread, and leave their families to starve; while others less conscientious would eagerly supply their places. It would prove a hard and cruel measure to tens of thousands of conscientious working people. The seventh day for rest and religion, is the ancient civil right of every servant in this land. He may lay his hand upon this sacred day and say, "This is the gift of God to me—he interposes between me and the slavery of excessive work—he gives me a right to claim an honest livelihood for my family for six days' labour." "No," say these friends of the working man, "I want my Sunday pleasure: you shall either work on Sunday for me, or you shall lose your place, and make way for others who will."

I tremble for the condition of our working people—ay, and of our country too—if Sunday should ever become a day for pleasure. The first period of high commercial prosperity, when large and pressing orders came thickly crowding in from foreign markets, would easily bribe *holiday* people into the factory and the workshop, put the yoke of Sunday labour on their necks; and their Sabbath, once gone, would be lost for ever! The history of working men would resemble the tragedy of Samson, illustrating their temptation, ruin, and revenge. First we should see the working man, like Samson, deluded into the lap of pleasure. That is his temptation. Next we should see him grinding at the wheel, spending his seven days alike, in *work, work, work*, amid intellectual darkness and moral night. That is his ruin. And, then, need we be surprised if we found the British workman, like those of Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Rome in 1848, indignantly bursting his fetters, seizing the pillars of the social edifice, and involving himself, his oppressors, and his country, in the crash of one universal overthrow. That is his revenge.—*The Rev. W. B. Mackenzie.*

Varieties.

MAGNETIC ATTRACTION.—The night is far spent, and the day is at hand, and the nearer we approach to the full enjoyment of blessedness, the more may we feel the attraction of Him whom our soul loveth. Many years ago I read in the "Arabian Nights" of a mountain of loadstone. Ships at a great distance felt its influence. At first their approach to it was scarcely perceptible. There was a declining from their course hardly to be noticed, and it excited little apprehension. But the attraction gradually became stronger, until the vessel was irresistibly impelled onwards with increased velocity. At last it drew all the nails and iron work to itself, and so the ship fell to pieces. "The path of the just is as the shining light." When first the believer feels the love of Christ, it is like a mustard seed: but it increases, and he is constrained by its influence to press more earnestly after the full enjoyment. At last the spirit can no more be kept at a distance from Him whom it loves. It flies to his embrace, and the body is dissolved.—*James Haldane.*

THE WATER TELESCOPE.—For seeing under water, consists of a tube to enable a person looking over the gunwale of a boat to rest the head on one end, while the other is below the surface of the water; the upper end being so formed that the head may rest on it, both eyes seeing freely into the tube. Into the lower end is fixed (water tight) a plate of glass, which, when used, is to be kept under the surface of the water, so that the spectator, looking down the tube, sees all objects at the bottom, whose reflective powers are able to send off rays of sufficient intensity to be impressed on the retina, after suffering the loss of light caused by the absorbing power of the water. In clear water the bottom may thus be seen at the depth of twelve fathoms. This contrivance is much used in seal-shooting along our northern and western islands, where, sometimes in the form of an ordinary washing-tub with a piece of glass fixed in its bottom, the shot seal is looked for, and the grappling-hook let down to bring him to the surface. The Norwegian fishermen also often use this telescope when their anchors get into foul ground, or their cables warped on a roadstead.

DUTCH CUSTOMS.—In Broeck, no one enters a house by the front door, nor is any one seen at the front window. The front of the house is where the best "parlours" are, which are sacred to cleanliness and solitude. Irving's description of such an apartment is rigidly true:—"The mistress and her confidential maid visit it once a week, for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning and putting things to rights; always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling the floor with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids; after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window shutters were again closed to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up till the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning day." The people of Broeck always enter their houses by back doors, like so many burglars; and to insure the front door from unholy approach, the steps leading to it are removed, never to be placed there but when three great occasions open the mystic gate, and these are births, marriages, and funerals; so that to enter a Dutchman's house by that way is indeed an "event."—*Art Journal.*

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.—PROFIT AND LOSS.—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The Being who propounded this problem knew the value of the soul, for he made it; he knew the value of the world, for he fashioned it; he knew that the soul might be lost, and redeemed it; he sees its peril, notwithstanding his interposition, and he gave this sum in the arithmetic of eternity, to be worked out *here* by repentance and faith, or to be worked out *there* in remorse and anguish, without mitigation and without end.

CATHEDRALS.—Curious to say, El Islam still has the largest cathedral in the world—St. Sophia's, at Constantinople. Next to this ranks St. Peter's, at Rome; thirdly, I believe the "Jumma Masjid," or cathedral of the old Moslem city Bijapoor, in India; the fourth is St. Paul's, London.—*Burton's Pilgrimage.*

AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.—We English wanderers are beginning to be shamed out of our habit of scribbling names and nonsense in noted spots. Yet the practice is both classical and oriental. The Greeks and Persians left their marks everywhere, as Egypt shows; and the paws of the sphinx bear scratches which, being interpreted, are found to be the same manner of trash as that written upon the remains of Thebes in A.D. 1853; and Easterns never appear to enter a building with a white wall without inditing upon it platitudes in verse and prose.—*Burton's Pilgrimage.*

HOW ENGLAND IS WARMED.—A review compares the way in which the north-western parts of Europe are warmed by the Gulf-stream to the method of warming buildings by hot water, and calls the Torrid Zone the furnace, the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico the boilers, the Gulf-stream the conducting pipe, and the great hot-air chamber being from the bank of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe, whence the heat is taken up by the prevailing west winds. Owing to the influence of the Gulf-stream, Ireland is clothed in robes of evergreen grass; while on the American shore, in the same latitude, is the frost-bound coast of Labrador. The port of Liverpool has never been closed with ice in the severest winter. The Laplander cultivates barley in a latitude which in every other part of the world is doomed to sterility. Should the perpetual Isthmus of Panama be broken through by some convulsion of nature, and the Gulf of Mexico cease to be a gulf, allowing the equatorial current of the Atlantic to pass through into the Pacific, instead of being reflected back to England, the writer says, "Britain might then become a Labrador, and cease to be the seat of a numerous and powerful people."

POWER OF KINDNESS.—Many years since, there lived in one of the central counties of New Jersey, a poor mechanic, eminent for his pious zeal and consistency. He was very much tried by the conduct of a neighbour, who was in the habit of cutting his wood for the week on the Lord's day, and the sound of whose axe continually disturbed the old Christian's meditations. Father H., as he was called, often remonstrated earnestly and kindly with his neighbour, but without any effect. At length he adopted a different course. One Saturday afternoon his neighbour found the old man very busy at his wood-pile, and inquired, in astonishment, what he was doing. "Why," replied Father H., "you will persist in cutting your wood on God's holy day, and it grieves me so much that I mean to do it for you this afternoon, so that you will have no temptation to do it to-morrow." The man was at once overcome, and exclaimed—"No, you shall not. I will do it myself. Nor will you ever after this have reason to complain of me for chopping wood on the Lord's day." And he was as good as his word. The old man has long since gone to his reward, but this incident lives after him to enforce the divine direction, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

EFFECTS OF WORSHIP ON THE INSANE.—Miss Dix, the American philanthropist, states that, among the hundreds of insane people with whom her sacred missions have brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of religious sentiments over those shattered souls seems miraculous. The worship of a quiet loving heart affects them like a voice from heaven. Tearing and rending, yelping and stamping, singing and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they fall on their knees, or gaze upwards, with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from the Father's throne of love.